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Now is the time everyone needs a little ready cashs perhaps your vacation has caused you to run behind with your grocer and landlord, compelling you to deprive yourself of many home comforts.

How much better it would be to se-cure a loan FROM US, large enough to pay them and regain your peace of mind, also retaining your credit. \$1 or \$2 a week will soon pay the loan, principal and charges.

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at this time of year to bring you in with

Those who have used our COAL say they want nothing better. Call in and let us talk over the question of your winter's supply.

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Bachman's Emmenagagoue Mixture A splendid Female Regulator in cases of suppressed menstruation, delays due to colds, ill health, or other unnatural causes. \$1.75 for the whole outfit.

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Dealers in second hand iron and wood-working machinery, engines, boilers, motors, dynamos, lathes, planers, drills, anvils, band saws, vises, elevators, office fixtures, safes, desks, etc., etc. Telephone call 773-2.

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## WHEN IN NEED OF A PRIVATE **DETECTIVE TELEPHONE 963** EAGLE NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY:

OFFICES CONN. NAT'L BANK BLDG. 1022 MAIN STREET. Axel Johnson Superinter

We watch while others sleep



Have you watched us grow?

We beg to notify that we are prepared to undertake all legiti-mate Detective work. Our staff of male and female operators are all well trained and fully reliable. Let us protect your property and valuables while you're a way on your vacation. Our success in the past is our best Recommendation.

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS
New Management. Strictly Up-to-date
Hot Lunch All Day
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great variety. All kinds of hedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England.

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it is time to send your orders in now. Avoid worry, disappointment, discomfort and similar trials by giving your order to

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COAL GUARANTEED CLEAN

## SCREENED BY A NEW MACHINE

fust installed, and we invite customers to call at our yard and see it in operation. Coal is advancing in price each month at wholesale and must soon advance at retail.

DO NOT DELAY ORDERING

WHEELER & HOWES



Novelized by Thompson Buchanan From the Successful Play of the Same Name

By WINCHELL SMITH, FREDERIC THOMPSON and PAUL ARMSTRONG

(Continued.) busy with that line of conversation, I think. Don't do to trust any of these steel hands. Two weeks is long enough for any girl to be engaged. I'll get out now and leave you alone," she ended as O'Leary, astonishment and worry showing on his begrimed face, entered the office.

"What's the matter, Lucy?" he asked The girl turned to him with eager-

"It's about father. Is he very bad?"

The man hesitated. "Well, he's got a few drinks in." he onfessed at last. "But there hasn't been much trouble up to date." "He's pretty ugly, ain't he?" asked

the girl. O'Leary laughed grimly. "You know what your dad is when

he's drunk, Lucy. He's tried to pick one or two scraps tonight, but the men are keeping away from him. I'll do my best to keep down trouble, you know that, Lucy. The girl nodded.

"Yes, I, know, Joe, you're mighty good," she said, "but if anything happens tonight you know he'll lose his job sure. I'm awful afraid, and mother's worse than I am, so I just came over to get you to look out for him. Is he doing his work all right?"

O'Leary shook his head regretfully. "That's what bothers me," he con-fessed. "The Sommers gun's been in the fire too long now. If it don't come out of the furnace soon the gun 'll be no good at all."

The girl made a hopeless gesture. "What do you think of that!" she complained. "And he's the best man over here when he's sober. Can't you do anything, Joe?"

"I am doing all I can," he urged, as though in justification, "but if that gun 's put in the oil bath after being too long in the fire the tempering will

Lucy wrung her hands despairingly. "Let's get Mr. Marsh," she begged. "Mr. Pinckney ain't here, but Mr. Marsh can take dad off the job and keep him from ruining everything. Sommers is such a nice man, too, and Miss Frances likes him. Oh, what are we going to do, Joe?"

O'Leary looked at her blankly. The situation was too much for him to manage.

"Marsh's acting funny, too," he complained. "He must know how Smith s, but he keeps away and don't say nothing to him. Guess he's afraid." "Maybe I could go in and beg him. Couldn't I do that, Joe?" pleaded the

She turned and started for the door which led into the works, but before she could reach it the door was pushed open and Smith, drunker and more enraged than ever, lurched into the office. At sight of Lucy and O'Leary straightened up, caught hold of the door a moment for support, then burst on them with a torrent of anger.

"What are you doing here?" he roar ed. "Why did you come in this office, Lucy? What business you got here, O'Leary? Ain't I seeing you hanging around my house enough without getting that girl in the office?"

"I-I've got your dinner, father. I the girl. brought it over to you," faltered Lucy. "And why didn't you bring it to me right?" he shouted. "And why do you let this fellow in the office here be talking to you?"

"Joe's all right, father," the girl urged. "He don't want you to make no mistake with the Sommers gun,

that's all." The drunken foreman turned on his assistant with fury.

"Oh, you don't, don't you!" Look here, you keep that mug of yours out of my affairs or I'll break it. Do you

But Joe O'Leary did not come of the race that could be bluffed. As Smith lurched toward him the assistant straightened into a position of defense, waiting for him.

"Don't waste your breath trying to scare me, Smith," he shouted. "You'd better be getting that gun out of the fire before it spoils."

The sudden opposition sobered the drunken man for a moment.

"I got a fine assistant, ain't I?", he sneered. "Trying to tell me my business. I know what you're up to. You sneaked in here to talk to her; that's what you did. Now, you keep away from her after this, I tell you. Don't you come near her or I'll break you

O'Leary looked the larger man up and down with fine Irish scorn.

"Break me in two!" he sneered. you was to break me in two either piece of me would get up and knock your block off. I tell you, if you ever lay a hand on me I'll kill you." In a wild fury Smith rushed un-

steadily. O'Leary landed once, staggering the big man, and then Lucy rushed in between them. "Father! Joe! Don't!" she begged.

"You'll both be discharged." The jarring, staggering blow had knocked a little of the fight out of the bully. He still had sense enough to know that in an even battle his young. strong assistant would have a good chance, and, like most bullies, he didn't care for even battles. The plea of Lucy gave him a chance to change the direction of his anger. "Discharged!" he yelled. "Who'll discharge me? I can clean out the

whole works, and I"-He was lurching about the office, swinging his arms wildly in time to his drunken threats, when the street door opened and Pinckney came in hastily. In a moment the manager saw that something was wrong.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded sharply, stepping forward. 944 MAIN ST. Yard, East End Congress Street Bridge had found an object to dash against.

"Well, it's about time you're getting All sense of discipline and fear of consequences was gone from him. Then, besides, down in his heart he knew that Pinckney needed him and would scarcely dare to discharge him at this time. Instead of replying he heaved himself over until he stood face to face with the general manager.

> he demanded drunkenly. Pinckney paid no attention to him. but turned and pressed the bell. When he spoke it was to the assistant.

"What are you doing here, O'Leary?" "Nothing, sir." "Then get to work," ordered Pinckney sharply.

O'Leary besitated. "I can't leave Lucy with him," he said, jerking his head toward Smith.

Pinckney nodded. "I understand, but that's all right. You go back to work. I'll look after "Yes. Joe, please go when he tells

you," urged Lucy. O'Leary nodded. "All right; I'm going," he said. He reached the door, then turned and spoke threateningly to the drunken foreman, "See here, Smith, if you touch that girl I'll kill you, and don't

you forget it!" Before Lucy's father could reply he turned and slammed the door after him.

Smith whirled, lurched toward Lucy with his hand upraised, but Pinckney stepped in front of him.

"Here, here, Smith!" commanded the manager sharply. "You've got no time for fooling. Remember, I put you in charge of the Sommers gun."

Smith straightened and leered with drunken assumption of sarcasm. "What if you did? Ain't it being lone to suit you?"

"Of course it is. I haven't complain-The foreman thrust his own face against that of the general manager. "You'd better not complain!" he

sneered threateningly. "I guess I know what's wanted of me." Pinckney nodded. "I'm sure you do, Smith," he said blandly. "I have every confidence in you; now go and look out for that gun,

and, remember, until that job's out of the way you're boss. Don't let anybody interfere with you!" The foreman shook one of his big

"If any one interferes with me you know what they'll get," he roared. "You can bet your life on that, and one of them is going to get it quick." Still muttering threats, he turned and staggered out of the works. Pinckney looked sharply at Lucy.

"You go home and stay there," he said. The girl hesitated. Fear of what might happen with her father drunk

and in charge of such important work gave her unusual courage "Excuse me, Mr. Pinckney, but father isn't himself. Do you think it safe to have him in charge tonight?" The manager frowned so savagely

that Lucy trembled. "Oh, that's what brought you here, was it? You came over to manage the works, did you?" he sneered. "I was afraid-that gun"- repeated

Pinckney broke in on her savagely. "Well, the next time you keep your fears home. When I need you to look out for the works here I'll send for you. Now get out."

He turned from the frightened girl to the office boy, who at last had answered his ring. "Send Marsa to my private office."

And without another look at the Eightened girl the manager strode into his private office and slammed the door. Lucy, crushed and beaten, fearful that she had only made matters worse by coming, was hurrying out when the door from the works again opened, and Joe O'Leary, blood streaming down his face, staggered wross the threshold and fell into a

"He got me." CHAPTER VIII.

PINCKNEY TAKES THE LEAD. IRLS who grow up around the steel works do not develop into the fainting kind. Lucy did not shriek nor even cry out loud. Instead she rushed to her lover, put her arms about him and helped to hold him up, begging ten-

"Joe, is it bad? How did it hap The blood was streaming over the man's face, and only his great courage kept him up as, resting in her arms he gasped out the story.

"Smith-he hit me with a hammer when I wasn't looking-be got me. But don't mind me-I'm-all right. Find Sommers."

"Sommers?" the girl asked, sur prised. She could not imagine what Sommers had to do with it. "Yes," he insisted, "find Sommers.

There's something crooked going on. I must get Sommers quick. They hit me because I'm on the level, and Smith didn't want me around. Find Sommers, Lucy-you must find Sommers!" The girl looked about her blankly

How was she going to find Sommers's And, then, she didn't really care whether she found him or not. Sommers, the gun, everything was secondary to her now, with Joe O'Leary here, maybe dying. But O'Leary had commanded her, and the habit of obedience was strong. "Where is Sommers, Joe?" she asked

can't find Sommers." But the practical assistant foreman injured though he was, knew what to

"I don't want to leave you this way. 1

"There it is. Phone Sommers. Try



## Past and Present.

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The Hudson-Fulton Celebration causes one to stop in the mad rush for achievement and take a retrospect on the progress of the times.

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In these days of unlimited capital, many industries are of mammoth proportions at their inception. An establishment, however, that has grown from the smallest to the greatest, without the infusion

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Your choice is not limited to any one grade of piano as in some piano establishments. Our lines represented by Art Style Grand and Upright Pianos; pianos of the very highest class; player pianos-all grades; both medium grade and low-priced instruments-in fact, a piano for every taste

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Telephone!" he commanded. "There

is. Phone Sommers. the Durants. Maybe he is there. Hurry! That's the private one to the Tell Sommers to come at

Reassured now that she did not have

ain't there!" The strength of the bleeding man

get there in five minutes. I'll run. Yes, ma'am, I'll run. Goodby!" She hung up the receiver, then hur ried over to O'Leary. He sank forward in his chair and rested now partly on Heights road.

the desk before it. The girl put her arms about him. "Oh, I can't leave you if you are burt bad, dear!" she half sobbed. With all the strength he could com

mand O'Leary caught ber arm. "Don't trouble about me. Hurry over and do what Miss Frances tells you and don't tell any one else." Still the girl hesitated, but just then Marsh entered the office from the

To be Continued.)

Woodend road; south by land of the grantor; and west 50 feet by land of Allie Rich.

Bertram G. Morrill of Providence, R. I., to Mary Dawson, lot 65 on Hubbell Terrace. Terrace.

William and Carrie Kushuost to
Dominica Ingruci, lots 395, 396 and
397, on map of lands of Charles Lee.
Dow R. Whitney and Everett L.
Rogers, to Martin and Michael Tomo-Rogers, to Martin and Michael Tomo-sko, lots 173 and 179, on land formerly belonging to Joseph Thompson. Cardine E. and Balman Goodsell, to

Nettie C. Weir, Jot 112 in Hamilton REMOVAL OF CHURCHES J. Henry Blakeman to Newton J. Reed, guardian lots 8 and 9 on map of building lots of J. H. and M. A. Blakeman.

to leave him to do his bidding, the girl ran, to the private phone. She rang the bell wildly, half crying into the receiver:

"Hello! Is Mr. Sommers there?"—then her face went blank. "He ain't?" she gasped. then turned from the phone to cry to O'Leary. "Oh, Joe, he ain't there!"

Reed, lots 8 and 9 on map of J. H. and M. A. Blakeman.

John M. Lundberg. to Wilfred Lepin. Iots 112, 3, 4 7, and 8, also 65 and 121 on plan of Strawberry Hill Park. George T. Jewell to William M. Terry. two lots of land, the first bounded north by land of George H. Booth; east by the Housatonic river; south by the highway and west by land of Mysa Curtis, the lot containing 18 acres. The second piece of two ing 18 acres. The second piece of two acres is bounded north by the high-The strength of the bleeding man way; east and south by the Housawas going fast, but grim determinationic river, and west by land of W. H.

mized the person at the other end of the wire.

"Oh, is that you, Miss Frances?" she cried. "This is Lucy Smith. Yes, ma'am, I'm at the works. There's been trouble here, and Mr. Sommers must come right away. There's something wrong with the Sommers gun. What? You say come up to your house?"

She looked away from the phone a moment pitifully toward her injured weetheart, then turned back to the releiver in response to Frances Durant's harp, anxious command. "Yes, me."

ceiver in response to Frances Durant's by land of Daniel Forger; south by the highway and land of grantor and west by land of the grantor. sharp, anxious command.

"Yes, ma'am. O'Leary made me phone. I want to warn Mr. Sommers. They're trying to spoil his gun. No. ma'am. If ain't sure. We suspect."

Again she hesitated, looking pitifully at her own wounded lover. How could she leave him merely to save the lover of the other woman? But discipline is strong about a steel works, and Frances Durant was the daughter of the owner. So poor little Lucy had no alternative but to obey.

"Yes, ma'am." she shouted into the receiver. "I'll come if you wish. I'll get there in five minutes. I'll run.

Yes ma'am. O'Leary made me west by land of the grantor.

The town has tax liens on real estate as follows: Against Lewis B. Adams, \$6.16; William E. and Rossile M. Albin, \$10.76; Samuel E. Banks, \$25.25; George J. Banks, \$20.40; Mrs. William Stuart, \$9.24; Thomas Glynn, \$23.30; William W. Goodsell, \$11.22; Charles F. Huenerberg, \$39.12; Joseph M. Stearns, \$132.88; Eliza Saxonmeyer, \$1.20; Milliam M. Bulkley of Totten, \$28.20; William M. Bulkley of Totten, \$28.20; William M. Bulkley of Saffield, \$9.60; Anthony Fraenza of Bridgeport, \$33.60; Thomas H. Lord, of New Haven, \$3; Elia M. Pelletreau, of Saffield, \$3.60; Thomas H. Lord, of New Haven, \$3; Elia M. Pelletreau, of Saffield, \$3.60; Thomas H. Lord, of New Haven, \$3; Elia M. Pelletreau, of Saffield, \$3.60; Anthony Fraenza of Bridgeport, \$33.60; Thomas H. Lord, of New Haven, \$3; Elia M. Pelletreau, of Saffield, \$3.60; Anthony Fraenza of Bridgeport, \$33.60; Thomas H. Lord, of New Haven, \$3; Elia M. Pelletreau, of Saffield, \$3.60; Anthony Fraenza of Bridgeport, \$33.60; Thomas H. Lord, of New Haven, \$3; Elia M. Pelletreau, of Saffield, \$3.60; Anthony Fraenza of Bridgeport, \$33.60; Thomas Glynn, \$3.60; Thomas Glynn, \$3.60; Anthony Fraenza of Bridgeport, \$33.60; Thomas Glynn, \$3.60; A Brooklyn, \$54; George H. Wolover, \$7.20; and Charles Sooysmith of New York, \$48.60. Mary L. S. Peck, of Bridgeport, to Minnie F. Malcolm, lot 17 on map of Hurd & Weston, Hollister Holland

> EXCESSIVE ADVERTISEMENT OF DELINQUENT TAXES AS LIBEL The statutory duty of a tax collector was to post advertisements of overduce was to post advertisements of overdue taxes in two or more public places within his town. The collector in Hutchins v. Page. 72 Atlantic Reporter, 689, actuated either by zeal extraordinary or malice deplorable, advertised the fact of Hutchins delinquency, not only by posting it, but through two newspapers. For this latter act suit was brought against him for itself the New Hempshire Supreme Court rules that, while it was the defend-

REAL ESTATE IN

SUBURBAN TOWNS

STRATFORD.

Newton J. Reed, guardian to Minot A. Biakeman, a parcel of land at Blakeman place, bounded north by land of J. H. and M. A. Biakeman; east by Biakeman Place; south by land of one Scott, the whole being lots S and 9 on may of land of J. H. and M. A. Biakeman.

Elmira Richard to Antoine Napolltono, a tract of land, bounded north by land of one Kelley; east 50 feet on Woodend road; south by land of the Kelley; east 50 feet on Woodend road; south by land of the TESTIFIES AFTER FOUR YEARS.

TESTIFIES AFTER FOUR YEARS.

ce, R. abbell wrote you that I had been entirely cured of kidney trouble by taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy and after four years I am again pleased to state that I have never had any return of those symptoms, and I am evidently cured to stay cured." Foley's Kidney Remedy will do the same for you. F. B. Brill, local agent. \*135

J. Henry Blakeman to Newton J.
Reed. guardian lots 8 and 9 on map
of building lots of J. H. and M. A.
Blakeman.

Minot A. Blakeman to Mabel C.
Reed, lots 8 and 9 on map of J. H. and
M. A. Blakeman to Mabel C.
Reed, lots 8 and 9 on map of J. H. and
M. A. Blakeman to Mabel C.
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of J. H. and
M. A. Blakeman to Mabel C.
Reed, lots 8 and 9 on map
of both vestry of Trinity Church determined to close it, and to transfer
the work carried on there to another
church within the same parish, half a
miles distant. To prevent this removal an injunction was sought. In Burke
v. Rector, etc., of Trinity Church H.
New York Supplement, 255, the New
York Supreme Court held that the
vestry has the supervision and control,
and is the poralities of the corporation, and the plaintiffs are required to conform to the canons, usages, and discipline of the church of which they are mem-bers. The judicial power is reluctant to interfere in matters of religious or